

Kentucky Derby

FATHER

"They killed her!" she screamed, "and slammed her door."

MOTHER

She had built a kind of paper doll of Eight Belles out of construction paper. She loves horses, but I don't supposed you noticed that.

FATHER

I noticed it! I tried to explain through the door that they had to put the horse down. No use. Can't you go in there and...?

MOTHER

Let her grieve. It's genuine.

FATHER

Can't we adopt a boy? I need someone on my side. Can't win here.

MOTHER

That's trivial. Life isn't TV. You just can't stand the sobbing. Guilt?

FATHER

What the hell are you talking about?

MOTHER

You kill us! That's what I'm talking about.